

*Atlee (W.L.)*

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

EARLIEST DAYS

OF

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JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

OF THE

JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA

AT ITS THIRD ANNIVERSARY,

MARCH 11, 1873.

BY

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WASHINGTON L. ATLEE, M.D.

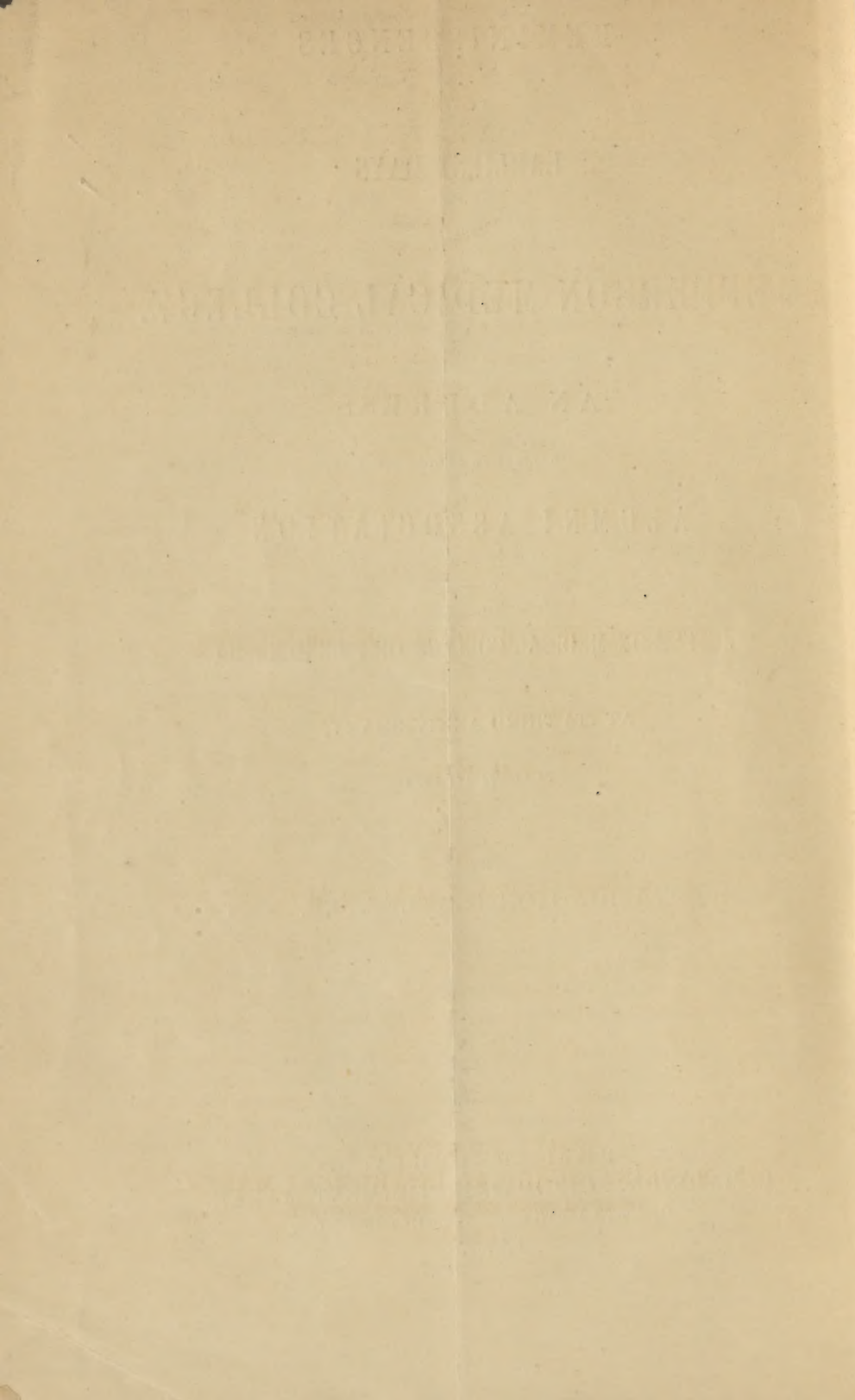
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PHILADELPHIA:

P. MADEIRA, SURGICAL INSTRUMENT MAKER,

115 SOUTH TENTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT.

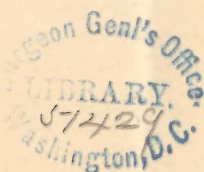
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The Annual Meeting of the Association was held at the College on March 10th, in the evening, the President, Prof. SAMUEL D. GROSS, in the chair.

A large audience of the Alumni, among them some of the most distinguished members of the profession, was assembled to hear the address of the Orator for the occasion, Dr. WASHINGTON L. ATLEE, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association.

After the delivery of the oration, the Secretary read the report of the Executive Committee, which gave in detail the work performed by them in reference to the movement to raise funds for the erection of the new College and Hospital Building. The Committee had perfected their plans by which they felt confident of carrying this great work to a successful issue. Already they were able to report most encouraging success.

The report was discussed by the Alumni present, and great interest was manifested in the success of the movement.

The list of membership was increased by the addition of a number of names—the majority enrolling themselves as life-members of the Association.

On the evening of Commencement-Day the Social Reunion was held at the Assembly Building. The members of the Graduating Class and a large number of the Alumni were present. The regular toasts for the evening were introduced by the President, and responded to by members of the Faculty and Alumni Association.

## A D D R E S S .

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MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN, AND FELLOW ALUMNI  
OF JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE:—

The anniversary of man is annual; that of institutions may be considered quinquagesimal; and that of nations centenary. We are now approaching the anniversary of both our noble institution and of our great republic, and although we have none among us who witnessed the baptism of this nation, yet a few remain who sprinkled the life-giving and life-sustaining water on the infant—Jefferson Medical College. Although they have outlived two generations of man, they still have the vigor of youth, and, *Deo volente*, will celebrate both the Jeffersonian and National birthdays, to whose reputation and honor some of them have so largely contributed.

In the spring of 1826, nearly half a century ago, four young medical students were assembled in the office of Dr. John L. Atlee, of Lancaster, for the purpose of forming a quizzing club. Quietly engaged in our deliberations, we were suddenly disturbed by a startling rap at the door. In a moment a young man, breathless and excited, bounded into our midst. He was a stranger to *us*, but our preceptor, soon entering, recognized him as a classmate and introduced us severally by name. His features were strongly marked, his gray, penetrating eyes deeply set, and his tongue and body were in constant motion. He seemed to be the embodiment of strong will, indomitable energy and determination, and every action of his small wiry frame bore the impress of a restless and vigorous brain. At the door stood a sulky with a sweating, bleating horse, which he had driven without mercy over sixty miles that very day, having left Philadelphia the same morning. He *must* be in Harrisburg, thirty-six miles beyond, that night. His horse could go no further. He *must* have another. I never saw a better illustration of that passage in Shakspeare, where King Richard the Third exclaims—

“A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!”

My preceptor's horse and sulky were soon at the door and at his service. Hector, a noble animal, did his work well that momentous

night, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed after he had left Philadelphia this young M.D. [mad doctor] was hammering at the door of our legislature!

His mission in Harrisburg was soon accomplished, and, as before, he arrived in Lancaster at night. It was very dark, yet, in spite of all remonstrances, he ordered out his horse and off he flew for Philadelphia. He had driven but a few miles, when, while dashing along, he upset in the highway. Here was a predicament from which he could not extricate himself without assistance. It was night, and the honest country people were in bed. After repeated halloos a farmer made his appearance with a lantern which threw some light upon the dismal scene. Quite naturally the farmer began to inquire into all the particulars of the accident instead of at once attempting to right the difficulties. Our impatient courier could not tolerate this. "Come, come, good friend, that won't do. Let us put our shoulder to the wheel and leave explanations until another time." Things were soon put into driving order, and next day the charter of the "Medical Department of Jefferson College" was in the city of Philadelphia.

"There's no *impossibility* to him  
Who stands prepared to *conquer* every hazard:  
The *fearful* are the failing."

Gentlemen, this was before the days of the iron-horse driven by fire and water with lightning speed. And yet there was a mental fire, an iron will, and a propelling force in that human locomotive that defied all opposition, and accomplished the foundation of our noble institution. Need I say that this genius was young McClellan?

Some time after this memorable occurrence, in the fall of the same year, some of these students, who had been so agreeably surprised by the transient visit of McClellan, came to Philadelphia to attend a course of lectures. They called to see him, and very much to their astonishment he recognized and named each one as an old acquaintance. From the fact that the first interview was very short, and that his mind was so wholly preoccupied by the important object of his mission, they viewed the circumstance as a remarkable instance of memory. It is worthy of remark, also, that half of that Lancaster party are still living—Dr. Atlee, several years beyond threescore-years-and-ten, the oldest active practitioner in his own county, a gentleman of enviable reputation and eminence, and who, in the "days that tried men's souls," gave "God-speed" to the founder of our institution; Dr. Jonathan M. Foltz, the distinguished retired surgeon, and ex-Surgeon General of the United States Navy; and lastly, your humble orator on this occasion. The departed

—all good and true men—were Dr. George B. Kerfoot, a teacher of anatomy in Lancaster, an active participator in all the literary and benevolent projects of his day, to whose memory a monument has been erected by his Masonic brethren; Dr. Henry D. Dietrich, who after his graduation settled in this city—a modest, unassuming, and excellent practitioner; and Dr. George McClellan, whose memory is sacred in the hearts of his surviving pupils, and upon whose monument, wherein we are now assembled, “Immortelles” will be annually strewed.

“Cold in the dust his perish’d heart doth lie,  
But that which warm’d it once shall never die.”

Gentlemen, shall I continue these reminiscences? My old classmates, a few of whom I rejoice to see around me, I know will pardon me for the sake of “auld lang syne;” while to the younger alumni the cradle-life of their Alma Mater cannot be devoid of interest. If the latter in the course of their peregrinations will stop at Ninth and Market Streets, and turn their faces southward, they will see as they advance two stately buildings standing upon their right. At that early day the south building represented the greatest medical school of this country. If they now continue their walk to Walnut Street, turn to the left and go eastward for two squares, they will have a fine park upon their right called Washington Square. This was once the Potter’s field, the receptacle of dead paupers and executed criminals. Continuing on till they arrive at Sixth Street, turning southward, they will see on their left opposite the square a row of fine buildings. These occupy the spot of the Walnut Street prison, a grim and ghastly structure which extended to Prune Street. Having arrived at Prune Street, now Locust, turn to the left, walk eastward on the north side of Locust until you get opposite to No. 518; halt! right-about-face! and survey that structure. You see a very humble-looking building ornamented with inscriptions, such as “Roussel’s Mineral Water;” “Manufactory of Soaps and Perfumery,” etc. As we survey it it seems to exclaim—

“To what base uses have I come at last!”

Now let us remove all these embellishments, that decorate or disfigure its walls, and replace the broken lights, and we will have returned it to its original condition, just as it appeared in the year 1826. Its old associates have gone! The sombre, frowning prison —“the very mansion house of misery”—has yielded up its territory to the counsellors-at-law; and the field of death has offered up its corruptible bodies to fertilize and adorn the foliage and flowers of our beautiful square,—a revival of the dead, typical of the resurrec-

tion, when this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality!

This commonplace building, which you are now contemplating, is the birth-place of Jefferson Medical College! A prison in front of it, and a paupers' burial-ground at its side! Truly a portentous beginning! How like the poor newly fledged doctor—an abundance of penniless patients; all work and no pay; in debt, with a prison staring him in the face and a convenient graveyard to bury from sight the victims of his inexperience!—Here, driven, as it were, into a corner, with nothing but death and the dungeon to contemplate, overshadowed and opposed by the most renowned medical school of that day, and unsupported by the medical men of the country, a few bold and enterprising adventurers threw down the gauntlet either to conquer or to die. Long, bitter, and exhaustive was the battle, and many a foeman's steel was shivered in the conflict. The young Minerva for whom they fought, however, waxed stronger and stronger; gained rapidly upon the affections of the profession; supplied a want that was ultimately acknowledged; and improved the status and numbers even of the University; and now, through a righteous and honorable competition, stands second to no medical institution in the Western hemisphere!

Who were those brave spirits that dared to beard the lion in his den? George McClellan, John Eberle, Jacob Green, William P. C. Barton, Benjamin Rush Rhees, John Barnes, and Nathan R. Smith, Dean of the Faculty. As the characters of these gentlemen have been faithfully drawn by the President of this association, in his inaugural address, it will not be necessary for me to refer to them, except as connected with some personal reminiscences of the time when I was a pupil. I matriculated in the fall of 1826, and immediately entered the office of Professor McClellan. He had a large class of private students, and was in the habit of quizzing them every night on the lectures of the preceding day. His manner was earnest, his questions minute, and he expected prompt and correct answers. If he failed in getting such a reply, he often became highly indignant. On one occasion, while examining on the anatomy of the heart, a question went from one to another unanswered, until it reached the youngest member of the class—a first course student. McClellan could scarcely control himself, and after exhibiting his disappointment, he exclaimed: "I lay my life, Mr. —, the youngest student here will answer it!" The young gentleman knew the question, but having been placed in such an invidious position, declined to answer. The excitement increased: "I insist upon it, you know it, and you *must* answer." The reply was quietly given. "There,

now," said McClellan, "are you not ashamed of yourselves, gentlemen, some of you second and third course students, not to be able to answer a simple question like that?" When that young man left McClellan's office, it was with the intention of never returning to it again. Two weeks passed by and he did not return, although he was regular in attendance on McClellan's lectures. One Saturday, as he was entering the lecture room, the Janitor placed a note in his hand, which he at once recognized as McClellan's writing. It read thus: "Do you never intend to show the light of your countenance in my office again? I shall be most happy to see you there this evening." The student kept his resolution, and did not go. Next morning, soon after breakfast, the servant summoned him from his room, by announcing that a gentleman wished to see him in the parlor. He went down, and who was it but McClellan! "Come, come," said he, "put on your hat and coat; I want you to ride with me this morning." The invitation was gladly accepted, the thing talked over, explanations were made, and promises on both sides given, and after dining together at his own house, they parted friends, and always remained so.

Among the private pupils of McClellan, during the session of 1826-27, was a tall, gaunt, yet fine-looking, gentlemanly young man from an interior county of Pennsylvania. It was his first session, and he was a hard-working, industrious student. He took the degree of M.D. at the termination of the succeeding session, when I remained at home. His career ever since has been upward and onward, and his motto seems to have been "*Excelsior*." Rare honors, honestly won, have been showered upon him, and I ask you to join me now in publicly congratulating this son of "Old Jeff" on his well-earned and well-deserved titles of M.D., LL.D., and D.C.L. They sit most gracefully upon his venerable brow.

"Titles of honor add not to *his* worth  
Who is an *honor* to his title."

He is still an abiding spirit among us. May his days of usefulness be extended to the utmost limits of human existence! He has been illuminating the obscure paths of his profession for many long years, and, when the spirit shall leave the *Gross* elements which it inhabits, he will continue to live in medical history and medical science for ages and ages to come.

An incident occurred during that winter of our pupilage, and afterwards recorded, during the war of the rebellion, in the "*Washington Sunday Morning Chronicle*," which will bear repetition here. The communication was headed:—

"THOU ART WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, AND ART NOT FOUND WANTING."—*Daniel* v. 27.

The writer says: "I visited Philadelphia that winter for the purpose of attending a course of medical lectures, and became a private pupil of a distinguished surgeon, then a professor in one of the medical institutions of the city.

"Now for the incident. In the winter above referred to a son was born to this distinguished surgeon. The event had scarcely transpired before the father announced it to his delighted pupils. In a few moments more, scales were brought from a neighboring grocer. Into one dish he placed the babe, into the other *all* the weights. The beam was raised, but the child moved not! The father, emptying his pockets, threw in his watch, coin, keys, knives, and lancets, but to no purpose—the little hero could not be moved! He conquered everything! And, at last, while adding more and more weight, the cord supporting the beam gave way and broke, rather than the giant infant would yield!

"That father was George McClellan, M.D., late of Philadelphia, and that son is George B. McClellan, our young commander of the Potomac.

"The country will perceive a prophetic charm in this incident. Truly, *he was weighed in the balance and not found wanting*. May his present and future life stand the test as well! Surrounded as he is by traitors at home, while rampant rebellion is before him, I hear him, amidst the jealousy and envy of cailers, quietly praying, with Job, 'Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity!'"

This incident is interesting, and turned out to be prophetic—for *the string of the balance unfortunately broke!*

Another writer about the same time remarked: "If General McClellan is the son of his father, in mind and manhood; if he has equal breadth, depth, and clearness; equal quickness and certainty; equal through-and-throughness in seeing, firmness in grasping, certitude and force in executing, and a similar mixture of courage and caution, insight and foresight, he will answer all the expectations that rest upon him."

These reminiscences, gentlemen, are confined so far to the first session of the Medical Department of Jefferson College as a chartered institution. One course of lectures had been given before. I was absent during the session of 1827-28, and returned as a candidate for graduation in the winter of 1828-29, and again entered McClellan's office. The condition of things had greatly changed. Professors Barnes and Smith had retired from the faculty. No

new appointments had been made. McClellan and Eberle each occupied two chairs, and Barton was dean. The little domicile in Prune Street, which had been erected for a cotton factory by Von Bonhorst, a Hollander, was found to be inadequate as a manufactory of doctors. Young "Jeff" had begun to assume some importance, and steadily had increased in numbers. Like the youthful Esculapius, when his practice improves, forsakes his obscure location for a more fashionable neighborhood, so "Jeff" had abandoned the factory, the prison, and the graveyard, for a more stylish and respectable part of the city, and now occupied a magnificent temple, whose walls, for the last forty-five years, have borne good witness to the teachings of men whom all delight to honor.

In looking at the Catalogue of that session, which I think was the first one published, I find the following

"ADVERTISEMENT.

*"The present session of the Lectures is held in the very elegant and appropriately furnished new building, in Tenth Street; in which every accommodation which can facilitate the studies, or promote the convenience of the student, has been provided."*

This Catalogue, as you have witnessed, is not got up with much taste. It resembles very much the old-fashioned primer. It is a book containing six duodecimo leaves, comprising the title-page, an advertisement, a list of the trustees, a list of the faculty, a catalogue of the matriculates of the session of 1828-29, a list of the graduates of 1826, 1827, and of 1828.

The dean, you will remember, was Professor Barton, usually called Bill Barton. He was a very learned man, an eminent botanist, a delightful lecturer, and an author. To the simple-minded country student he seemed to be too theatrical in dress, chameleonizing his colors day after day. It was generally remarked that he had every kind of sense but common sense. At the opening of the session, in addition to the ordinary matriculating ticket, the dean had prepared a very handsomely engraved certificate, about half the size of a diploma, which he presented to each student.

In addition to the regular courses of lectures given by the faculty, a gratuitous course on "mental science" was delivered by one of the trustees, the Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D.D., pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. Meetings at stated times were also held by the faculty, and outside members of the profession, for discussion on collateral subjects. I am not certain, but I am under the impression that these were inaugurated in the

new building. They sometimes were exceedingly interesting, and the debates often spicy. Eberle, the Lancaster County drummer boy, or, as we sometimes called him, the "Little Dutchman," always appeared at a disadvantage. Although he was considered one of the best medical writers in the country, he had not the "gift o' the gab," could not extemporize, and consequently he was no debater. He was a small man, and his supracranial region was very bald. I remember at one time there was a discussion on phrenology, in which several gentlemen engaged in advocating this comparatively new branch of science. One point was rather prominently advanced: *that a high forehead was a strong evidence of great intellect.* A certain Dr. Black, a frequent visitor at these meetings, entered into the discussion, and was rather disposed to ridicule the whole subject. In the course of his remarks, he, in the spirit of burlesque, "brought down the house," by exclaiming: "Look at my friend Eberle, in demonstration of your position, a man of the greatest intellectual development, for his forehead is so high that it extends clear to the back of his head!"

At this session, as is the case, I suppose, at every other, and in all medical schools, there was a certain number of idle and unruly students, who were a constant annoyance to the lecturers, as well as to the more attentive pupils. On one occasion it was particularly noticeable. Professor Rhees, a most modest, unassuming, Christian gentleman, whose lectures were always beautiful, eloquent, and instructive, was addressing the class. His eye was frequently directed to a disturbing party, and at the conclusion of his lecture he requested certain students, on their return to their rooms, to open their Bible at the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, 11th verse, and to read it carefully. Of course every student that day read: "*When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.*" The rebuke, so much deserved, was delicate and effective.

It is, perhaps, not known to most of the alumni that in the early days of "Jefferson," the mode of examination of the candidate for a degree was very different from what it is now. At present the examination is entirely private, the student sees but one professor at a time. Then, the trembling candidate was ushered into the august presence of the whole faculty assembled for that special purpose, and was subjected to the queries of each one in turn, and to the criticism of all. In the new building there was a room in the basement used by the faculty for their own meetings and for the examination of candidates. It was called the "green room" or

"rose chamber." I believe it received its name from the circumstance that its walls were *green*, and that a *rose* was painted upon the centre of the ceiling. Towards the end of the session this room haunted the dreams of many a candidate.

The dean had as many odd fancies as he had garments, for our president has told you that "he seldom wore the same coat, vest, or cravat on two successive days." When I handed in my thesis, he gave me this note, which is the original paper, 6 inches by 1½, now forty-five years old. It reads thus:—

"WASHINGTON L. ATLEE—Candidate.

No. 5. W. P. C. Barton, Dean of the Med. Fac. of Jef. Col.

Nov. 6, 1828, ½ past 3."

Towards the end of the session I received this letter printed on blue paper. The superscription is

"To MR. WASHINGTON L. ATLEE [No. 5],

Blue-Letter Student of the

Jefferson Medical College,

Philadelphia."

The contents are:—

"ROSE CHAMBER, JEFFERSON MED. COL., TENTH STREET.  
Philadelphia, Feb'y 19th, 1829.

To MR. WASHINGTON L. ATLEE,  
of Lancaster, Penna.

SIR: Having conformed to all the conditions established by the law of Pennsylvania in relation to the Jefferson Medical College of this city, as prerequisites to entitle you to become a candidate for its highest medical honor, and having defrayed the contingent expenses incidental thereto, you are hereby authorized to present yourself to the Medical Faculty of this Institution, for an examination on the different branches of medical science with which the act of the legislature and the usages of this school demand an acquaintance. Should you satisfactorily pass this test of your qualifications, the degree of doctor of medicine will be conferred on you by the trustees of the institution, at the approaching medical commencement. If otherwise, the contingent expenses will be refunded to you, on your return to me of this credential. You are summoned to be in the private antechamber of the medical classroom, at four o'clock P. M., on Friday, the 27th instant—there to await till I introduce you to the rose chamber.

I am, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM P. C. BARTON,

Dean of the Med. Fac. of Jef. Col."

After receiving this "summons," I showed it to my landlady, a kind old maiden, a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, and who had in her somewhat of the spirit pervading "Old Richard's Almanac;"

she read it carefully, and returning it to me with a very serious face, she said: "You must not be examined on Friday—it is an unlucky day—you will be rejected." I, however, answered the summons, and with four others was in the anteroom on time. Before leaving the house for the college, I was again reminded by "Mother Mecom," as we called her, that it was *Friday*. Unfortunately, too, I had not proceeded far from the steps, before I returned, having forgotten something. "Another bad omen," she exclaimed; "you will certainly be rejected!" I was finally introduced to the rose chamber, examined, and again returned to the antechamber to await the decision of the faculty. In a few moments the following note or paper was placed in my hands, superscribed—

"TO WASHINGTON L. ATLEE,  
(of Lancaster, Penna.)  
Red-Letter Student of Jefferson Medical College,  
Philadelphia."

It reads as follows:—

"ROSE CHAMBER, JEFFERSON MED. COL., PHILA.  
45 minutes }  
past 7 o'clock } February 27, 1829.  
P.M. }

SIR: Having satisfactorily passed an examination before the professors of this institution met in faculty, you are hereby informed, that they have decided to recommend you to the trustees as qualified to receive the degree of doctor of medicine. This honor will be conferred on you at the approaching commencement to be held in this city, on which occasion your *personal* attendance will be requisite, in order to receive it.

The members of the faculty congratulate you, through me, on this happy period of your medical education. They urge you to continue your exertions for honorable distinction in your profession, and tender you their wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity.

I am, sir, respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM P. C. BARTON,  
*Dean of the Med. Fac. of Jef. Med. Col.*

TO WASHINGTON L. ATLEE."

I knew nothing of the *modus operandi* when the candidate was rejected. Most likely, when he got his *death* blow, he was shrouded in *white*, and the dean, who was an officer of the navy, could thus unfurl the national colors—red, white, and blue!

In 1829, during one of the examinations in the rose chamber, an incident occurred between McClellan and a private pupil of rather a singular character. The dean, having introduced the student, asked Dr. McClellan to commence the examination. He instantly replied: "I don't want to examine Mr. ———; I have examined

him every day, and am satisfied." As he then occupied two chairs, anatomy and surgery, and examined on both branches, and as he was known to question very closely, the student was greatly elated by this occurrence. He was, however, examined by the other professors in regular order, and congratulating himself on the examination having terminated so soon, was about to leave the chamber, when unexpectedly McClellan put a question to him. I would premise that this occurred just before the inauguration of General Jackson to the presidency. The canvass had been between John Quincy Adams and General Jackson. McClellan strongly advocated the latter, and his pupil, although he had no vote, the former. McClellan, who was remarkably fond of horses and dogs, had his favorite dog with him in the rose chamber, lying at his feet. Question: "What is General Jackson's heart made of?" Reply: "It is composed precisely of the same material as that of your dog." This roused McClellan, and it was followed by a most scoring examination, which terminated by his exclaiming that "he had never stumped Mr. ——— but once, and that was on the pulse." Eberle jumped up and maintained that Mr. ——— was right, and McClellan wrong; and this was followed by each member of the faculty affirming Mr. ———'s position. The allusion to the pulse arose from this circumstance: Early in the session, during a lecture on the pulse by McClellan, he stated that the beat of the pulse was *synchronous* over the whole body. Mr. ——— thought this was opposed to the laws of hydraulics, and was determined to test it. As soon as he returned to his boarding-house, he examined his own circulation and that of each of his room-mates, and was fully satisfied that the beat was *consecutive*, in accordance with the distance from the heart. On making his usual visit in the evening to McClellan's quiz, Mr. ——— told him that he was wrong about the pulse. He laughingly retorted: "Oh! your circulation is not made right; you are a *lusus naturee*."

In the earliest days of Jefferson College, practical anatomy was taught in a different way from what it is now. There was no special demonstrator. The professor of anatomy was the regular superintendent of the dissecting room. The refined, gentlemanly Nathan R. Smith, now the venerable and eminent surgeon of Baltimore, was then both professor and demonstrator. He was always punctually at his post. Well do I remember his tall, erect, and slender figure, protected by his neatly fitting silk apron, as he entered the room and passed from table to table instructing and encouraging us in the pursuit of the knowledge of practical anatomy. He is the only living representative of the first faculty of Jefferson

Medical College. Loved and admired by his patients and pupils, and rich in honors,

“Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,  
And worthily becomes his silver locks ;  
He wears the marks of many years well spent,  
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.”

If I mistake not, the first demonstrator of anatomy in our Alma Mater was Dr. Samuel McClellan, brother of George. His appointment probably arose from the fact that Professor Smith had been transferred to the University of Maryland, and that Professor McClellan, having to fill two chairs—surgery and anatomy—claimed the assistance of his brother to attend to the duties of the dissecting room. In connection with practical anatomy Dr. Samuel gave a course of “Recapitulations and Lectures on *Surgical Anatomy*” during the winter of 1828–1829.

There was something very remarkable between these two brothers. The same material when cast in the same mould is expected to produce the same results, or at least figures resembling each other. And yet, in the language of Mrs. Hemans, notwithstanding

“The same fond mother bent at night  
O’er each fair sleeping brow,”

they were as unlike in mind and body as day is from night, or as the lion is from the lamb! Brothers! one was Jupiter Tonans riding on the whirlwind ; the other gentle Zephyrus basking in the sunshine!

Gentlemen, before concluding these reminiscences, I will notice another member of the faculty, who must have been omitted inadvertently by the President in his inaugural address to this association ; I allude to Professor John Barnes. He occupied the chair of midwifery in 1826–27. I wish to refer to him for two reasons : one is, that through him, Jefferson College was the earliest institution, or one of the earliest, to throw out its warning voice against the abortionist. While lecturing on abortion, I shall never forget with what emphasis he said : “Gentlemen, let me conjure you, by all that is sacred, never to let your conscience sanction, or your affections or your pockets induce you to do, an act so utterly opposed to the pure principles of our profession, and criminal under the laws of God and man.” I am proud to say this night that this old text of Jefferson has been the polar star of my life in some very trying situations. Another reason for referring to Barnes is that he proved himself a prophet. At the conclusion of his course, he addressed the members of his class, and

used these memorable words: "I cannot feel too great an obligation to every gentleman who has patronized this new institution for the danger he subjected himself to in doing so—for, if it had failed, you would have lost your diploma, and at the same time endangered your fortune and reputation. But there can be no doubt that it will *triumph* over all difficulties, and *attain to a great reputation!*" Thank Heaven! the prophecy has been fulfilled!

There was another member of the college unnoticed in the inaugural address. He was not a member of the faculty, nor of the Board of Trustees, nor was he enrolled among the lists of the students. He stuck to "Jeff" through thick and thin, through adversity and prosperity, in peace and in war, in season and out of season. If I mistake not he was present at its birth, and until recently has been the watchful sentinel at the door ever since. During his long and successful career, revolution after revolution has occurred in the organization of the faculty, and he has been the constant mourner at the grave of professor after professor for many long years. Thousands upon thousands of delighted graduates have received their parting box from his hands, and yet they hold him in grateful remembrance. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," may justly be inscribed on the tomb of Wattson, the old Janitor. "*Requiescat in pace.*"

I have thus given you some of the reminiscences of the earliest days of Jefferson Medical College. The retrospect has been hasty and therefore imperfect. Computing time by annual returns, or by the anniversaries of human existence, a long interval interposes between that day and this. Two generations, at least, have come and gone; and with them revolutions in physics, in science, and in art have taken place in this wonderful period of the nineteenth century. The railroad, the locomotive, and the palace car have superseded the turnpike, the horse, and the stage-coach; photography seizes the shadows as they fly; the telegraph has annihilated space, and brought the nations of the world into neighborly proximity; in all branches of mechanics machinery has taken the place of handicraft; and in all occupations of life brain work has greatly contributed to the diminution of manual labor. No less astonishing are the discoveries and advances in medicine! Pathology, physiology, psychology, gynecology, histology, diagnosis, and therapeutics are almost new studies. The exploration of different important organs of the body by means of appropriate specula and other appliances, and the division of professional study and labor into distinct branches and specialties, are mainly

the growth of this period. Indeed, medicine and the collateral sciences have been making great and rapid strides!

Medical teaching should keep pace with the progress of medical science. Does it do so? Do the medical colleges of this country, with the present mode of didactic instruction, keep up with the requirements of this advancing age? Can they, under their present organization, which dates back for half a century, be expected to meet the wants of the profession? The instruction, which is demanded to-day, cannot be properly rendered under conditions only suitable fifty years ago. This very building, appropriate as it was at the time of its erection for the medical education of that period, is not adapted to the present state of things. There must be a new edifice, so constructed that the student may not only be a hearer, but an assistant, a worker. There must also be an hospital attachment, so that he may not only attend clinical lectures, but learn to diagnose, prescribe, and treat diseases, and practice minor surgery. Indeed, a system of apprenticeship should be instituted in medical education as in mechanical pursuits, that would render the medical student, by the time he graduates, as familiar with his duties and his appliances, and as capable of employing his hands and his instruments, as the young mechanic who has just cancelled his indentures. Then the new graduate would pass from the college at once a trustworthy practitioner.

The semi-centenary birthday of Jefferson College is fast approaching. By a singular coincidence its anniversary and that of our republic will be celebrated the same year of 1876. As every nation is expected to honor this great country by her contributions, so let every alumnus do homage to his Alma Mater. At this important crisis of her existence we must not abandon her. We, her children, should repay the great debt we owe to her for her maternal care and guidance, and now when the old coach is going over, let us, like McClellan, when upset in the highway, put our shoulders to the wheel, and call others to our aid, until we place our noble institution in the attitude of her ablest compeer. Surely, she has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting! but gentlemen, let us see to it that the *string of the beam shall never break!*



